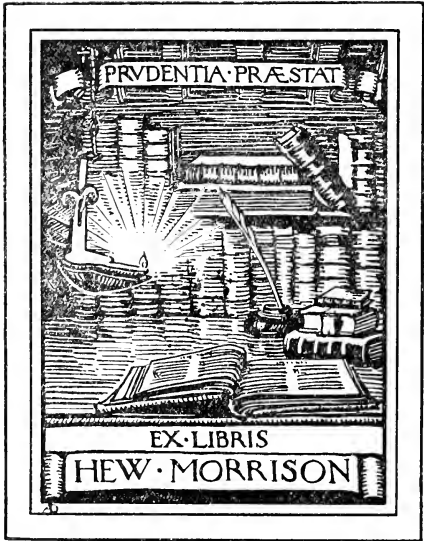




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H.M. 42(1-6)





THE
SONGS OF THE GAEL :

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART II.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

EDINBURGH :
MACLACHLAN & STEWART.
GLASGOW : PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.
OBAN : DUNCAN CAMERON.

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THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

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Horo, mo nighean donn bhoidheach—Horo, my brown-haired maiden.
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Mo chailin dileas donn—My faithful brown-haired maid.
Cumha Uisdein Mhicaoidh—Lament for Hugh Mackay.
Cumha Iain Ghairbh Rarsaidh—A Raasay Lament.
Leabaidh Ghuill—The Bed of Gaul.
Laoidh do'n Ghreim—Ossian's Hymn to the Sun.
Brosnachadh-catha—Ancient war-song.
H-uagailh, h-uagailh, bo, bo, bo!—At you, at you!
Tuireadh an t-suiriche—The wooer's wail.
Och, och! mar tha mi—Och, och! how dreary.
Morag—Jacobite Song.
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Oran an nachdarain—Song to the chief.
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THE SACRED SONGS OF THE GAEL.

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An Dachaidh Bhuan—The lasting name (harmonised) by Rev. P. Grant.
An saoghal—The world.
An t-ait' a bh'aig Eoin—Where St John lay, by Rev. P. Grant.
Gearan nan Gaidheal—The cry of the Gael, by Rev. P. Grant.
Gloir an Uain—The Glory of the Lamb, by Rev. P. Grant.
Gradh m' Fhear-saoraidh—My Saviour's love, by Rev. P. Grant.
Laoidh Molaidh—A hymn of praise, by Rev. P. Grant.
Leanabh òg—A young child, by Rev. P. Grant.
Aideachadh—Confession, by Dugald Buchanan.
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Cuireadh Chrìosd—Christ's invitation, by Rev. Dr MacGregor.
Turus na beatha—Life's pilgrims (harmonised) by John MacLean.
An Bàs—Death, by Rob (Donn) Mackay.

17—COIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.



KEY (F.) { l : r , m | r : d . l : r , m | f : s . f : m . r | d : d , r : d . l | d : - . }
 'Se Coire- cheathaich nan aighcan sìubhlach, An Coire rùmach is ùrar fonn,
 My Misty Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell.



{ r : r , m | r : d . l : r , m | f : s . s : l . l | r : r , r : l . l | s : - . }
 Gu lùrach miad-theurach, min-gheal, sìghar, Gach lus an fliar bu chùbhraidh leam;
 Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;



{ l : l : l , l | r : r . r : l , l | s : f . f : m . r | d : d , r : d . l | d : - . }
 Gu molach, dùbh - ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, plùranach, dlu-ghlan, grim,
 All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,



{ r : r , m | r : d . l : r , m | f : s . s : l . l | r : l : s . f . m | r : - }
 Caoín, ballach, dìtbeanach, canach, misleanach; Gleann a mhilltich 's an lionmhor mang.
 Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhiolair uaine,
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'ann an fionn;
 Is doire shealbhadh aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
 'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;

'Na ghluhan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
 Ach coileach bùirn tigh'nn a grunn eadlòm,
 Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuaillean cùl-ghorm,
 A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

'S a mhaduinn chìibh-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh,
 Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;
 A cheare le sgiucan a gabhail tùchain,
 'S an coileach cùrteil a dirdail cròm;
 An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chìùil aig
 A cur nan sìubhlach dheth gu lùghor bìnn;
 An druid 's an brù-dhearg le moran ùinich,
 Rì ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann.

The watercresses surround each fountain
 With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;
 And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
 Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
 Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,
 The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
 Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swelling,
 It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming,
 Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
 The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,
 And gallant moorcock soft-croodling near!
 The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,
 With mellow music a ceaseless strain;
 The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
 Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.

KEY B \flat $\{ \text{f} \text{ m}_1 | \text{t}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 | \text{d} : - : \text{r} | \text{m} : - : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 | \text{m} : - : \text{l}_1 | \text{l}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : | : \}$
 {A} Mhairi bhan òg, 's tu'n òigh th'air m' aire Rì'm bheo bhi far am bith'm fhein;
 Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti-ful bride;

$\{ \text{f} \text{ m}_1 | \text{t}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 | \text{d} : - : \text{r} | \text{m} : - : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{s} | \text{m} : - : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 | \text{l}_1 : - : | : \}$
 O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangalt' o'n chleir;
 In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy have tied;

$\{ \text{f} \text{ m} \text{ f} | \text{s} : \text{f} : \text{m} | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{d} | \text{r} : - : \text{d} | \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{s}_1 | \text{r} : - : \text{d} | \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{s}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : | : \}$
 Le cùmhnantan teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le snaoam adh fhanas 's nach treig,
 This cov-e-nant sure, ap-proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a-bide,

$\{ \text{f} \text{ m}_1 | \text{t}_1 : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 | \text{d} : - : \text{r} | \text{m} : - : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{s} | \text{m} : - : \text{d} | \text{r} : \text{d} : \text{t}_1 | \text{l}_1 : - : | : \}$
 'Se t'fhaotainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn slòin - te maireann a'm chrè.
 And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride,

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnai shomalt'
 A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mìleant, còmhnard, seocail, foinnidh,
 Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor:
 Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain
 A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
 Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shùl do dh' fhiuran barraicht
 An dlàthas nam meanganan suas;
 Geng fo bhliath o bàrr gu talamh,
 A lub mi farasda nuas,
 Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses
 And pride, shall ever be shown;
 Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
 And fair and sweet has she grown.
 My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
 Ere ever her love I had known;
 But, now I 'm her own, my heart is wholly
 My darling's alone—alone.

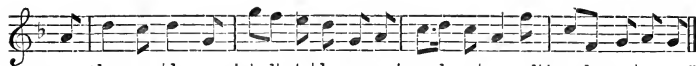
Where woodlands are green with trees well
 A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,
 I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
 Of bright and beautiful hue;
 That bough from above, desiring greatly,
 With love unto me I drew;
 None else could have moved that tree so stately,
 'Twas only for me that it grew.

A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Pàn) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael*, *The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.

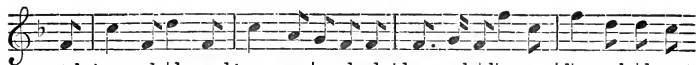
19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.



KEY: F. { Dh'fadh' ceo nan stuc mu cu - dann Chuilinn, Is sheinn 'bhean-shith a torman m'ulaid, }
O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;



{ Gorm shulleán ciùin 's an Duin a sìleadh, O'n thrìall thu uainn's nach tìll thu tuille! }
Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.



{ Cha tìll, cha tìll, cha tìll Mac Crìomann, An cogadh no sìth cha tìll e tuille, }
SEISD— No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;



{ Le airgid no nì cha tìll Mac Crìomann, Cha tìll e gu brath gu la na cruinne. }
Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, Mac Crimmon is home no more returning.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach,
A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach tìll thu tuille.

Tha'n fhaireg fa dhèidh lan bròin is m'ulaid,
Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhiùlt i siubhal;
Tha gàirich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach tìll thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
'S mac-talla nam mur le mùirn 'ga fhreagairt,
Gach fleasgach is ògh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
O'n thrìall thu uainn 's nach tìll thu tuille.

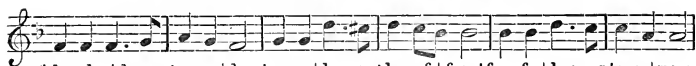
The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

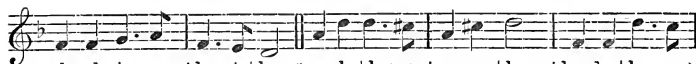
We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,
Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;
Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACLEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

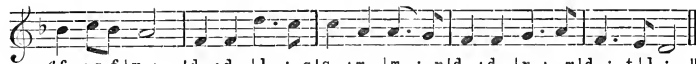
20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.



KEY: F. { d : d | d : -r | m : r | d : - | r : r | l : -se | l : s.f | f : - | f : f | l : -s | s : m | m : - }
'Se guth ciùin mo' ruìn a th' ann, 'S ainmhe thu gu' m'aisling fein; | Fosglaibh sibhs' bhuir' talla thall, |
'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,



{ d : d | r : -m | d : -t | l : - | m : l | l : -se | m : se | l : - | d : d | l : -s }
Shinnsre Thoscair, nan ard speur, 'Se do chomhuidh-s' m'anam fein, | A shil Oisein, |
Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,



{ f : s.f | m : - | d : d | l : -s | s : m | m : -r | d : d | r : -m | d : -t | l : - }
's treine iainh, | Elridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, Mo dheoir mar shileadh speuran ard.
might - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chrann aillidh mi, threin nan seod,
Oscar chorr, le geugaibh cùbhr';
Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr;
Thuit fo gheith mo cheann fo smùr.
Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,
Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein:
Chunnaic oigh mi fo shamhchair thall,
Bhuail iad clarsaiche mall nan tend.

OISEAN :

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,
Nighean Latha, nan sruth fiar,
'N cual thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn
An aisling, ann do chodal ciar?
Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall
Air bruachan Mòrshruth nan toirn beur',
Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,
An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bìrda nam fonn,
'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth;
'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,
Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam dubh.
Tha aoibhneas ann am bròn le sìth
Nuair shuidhicheas àrd strì a bhròin;
Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrìgh
Gann an lài' an tìr nan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,
My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,
But his death soon blighted me,
And my blossoms drooped and died.
Spring returned with flower and leaf,
But no leaf on me was found;
Virgins saw my silent grief,
Struck the harp of softest sound.

OSSIAN :

Sweet the music in my ears,
Maid from Latha's winding streams.
Has the voice of other years
Sounded fondly in thy dreams?
When, descending from the chase,
Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,
Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,
'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

Melodies all faint and low,
O Malvina, round thee stole;
Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!
Sorrow melts the weary soul.
There is joy in peaceful woe
When subsideth sorrow's strife;
Idle tears should cease to flow,
Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.

21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.



KEY C. { s : d | d : s | l . s : f . m | s : d | d : s | m : d' | s : d | d : s }
 Thug mi miannan mòr', ('S còir an cumail daingean), Fuirich fad mo
 I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from



{ l . s : f . m | f : r | r : m | f : l || d' : - . r' | d' : s | m . f : s . m | d' : - . r' }
 bheò Mar bu chòir do mhanach. Falaich uam do ghnùis, ciurrar
 now Live a life mon - as - tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a-



{ d' : d | m : s | d' : - . r' | m' . r' : d' . t | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l ||
 mi le dealan, Ead - ar gath do shùil 'S lubag - an na laimnir.
 way the lightning of thy daz - ling grace, And thy glances bright'ning.

Ni do mhala dhonn
 (Crom mar bhogha-saigheid)
 Guin a chur am chom
 Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.
 Tha do bhilean blath
 Tàladh a chum meallaidh;
 Dhuraiginn—ach, a!
 Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall,
 Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;
 Iomairt ann am cheann
 Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.
 Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidhech',
 Mionnan mor as m' aire;
 Mur a fan thu fòil
 Gèisnichidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows
 Pierce my soul, and slay more
 Quickly than bent bows
 Or a shining claymore;
 Lest thy warm lips draw
 My heart to sweets forbidden;—
 I could wish—but, ah!
 Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away,
 Its fragrance round me stealing
 Sends my thoughts astray,
 And sets my brain a reeling.
 I am so beset
 With thy witching beauty,
 That I may forget
 Vows and sacred duty.

22—EALAIH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY E^b. 

SEISD—Air { d . d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . l | r : m . f | s : m . r }
 CHORUS—Air fal - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fal - ir - in,



{ d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . m | s : s . m | s : s . s }
 ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fal - ir - in, ill - ir - in,
 eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in,



{ l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l . s : f . m | r }
 uill - ir - in, O, Gur boidheach an comunn tha combhuidh'n Srath-mor.
 ool - yir - in, O, For kingdom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore.

Gur gile mo leannan
 Na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
 Na cobhar na tuinne,
 'S e tilleadh gu traigh,
 Na'm blath bhainne buaile,
 'S a chuach leis fo bharr,
 No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
 'G a fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
 Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
 Tha cas-flait mo ruin-sa
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros
 Nuair a's boidheche bhios fhiamh
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheiteim
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
 A comhdach nam bruach,
 Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'
 A ceol leis a chuach;
 'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn
 A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
 Fo dhluth-ghengaibh sgaileach,
 A manran ri m' luaidh.

Not the swan on the lake,
 Or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms
 Of the maid I adore;
 Not so white is the new milk
 That flows o'er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd
 From the brow of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath
 On the mountain's high brow,
 So the locks of my fair one
 Redundantly flow;
 Her cheeks have the tint
 That the roses display
 When they glitter with dew
 In the morning of May.

When summer bespangles
 The landscape with flowers,
 And the thrush and the cuckoo
 Sing soft in their bowers,
 Through the wood-shaded windings
 With Bella I'll rove,
 And feast unrestrained
 On the smiles of my love.

The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWEN MACLACHLAN.

23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

Slowly and tenderly.



KEY E⁷. { (r) : r . m | f : d' . l : l . s . f | m : s . (l) : l . r | r : d . r : m . r | r . d . - : l . }
 'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's
 I climb the mountains, and scan the
Seisd.—Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,
Chorus.—O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



{ (r) : r . m | f : s . f : m . r | f : s . (s) : l . d' | r' : d' . l : l . s . m | r : r . }
 An tig thu'n dìugh no an tig thu maireach? 'S mur tig thu l' - dir gur truagh a ta mi!
 When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.
 Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
 'S tric na deoir a ruith, o m' shùilean;
 An tig thu nochd, no 'm b'ì mo dhàil riut?
 No 'n dùin mi 'n doras, le osna thursach?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
 An fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sibhailt;
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
 Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sìoda,
 Gheall e sìod agus breacan riomhach;
 Fainn' òir anns am faicinn lomaigh;
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e di-chuimhn'.

Ged a thuit iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
 Cha do lughadaich sìod mo ghaol ort;
 B'ìdh tu 'm aisling anns an òidhe,
 Is anns a mhàduinn b'ìdh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
 Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm phàisde,
 'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
 Gu'm feum mi 'aogas a chur air di-chuimhn';
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho dìonhainn,
 'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt Ònaidh.

B'ìdh mi tuille gu tìrsach, deurach,
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an deigh a reubadh;
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
 Is each nìle an deigh a trèigsinn.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,
 And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;
 Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
 Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
 If they have heard of, or seen my lover;
 They never tell me—I'm only chided,
 And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
 A ring of gold which would show his semblance,
 But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
 But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
 And every night in my dreams I see thee,
 And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
 Is not a season's brief emotion;
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

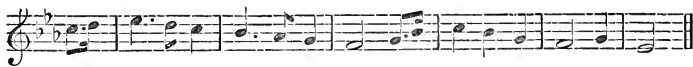
My friends oft tell me that I must sever
 All thought of thee from my heart for ever;
 Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
 Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY Eb. { \underline{m}, f | s : d : d | d : - : r : m | r : - : \underline{m}, f | s : m : s | l : - : s | s : - : }
 O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'n ar gaol, Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt;
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



{ \underline{l}, t | d' : - : t : l | s : - : f : m | r : - : \underline{m}, s | l : s : m | r : - : m | d : - : }
 A seabhachadh aoibhneis a cheil' 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.
 Each glad in the oth - er's delight, And mixing our cares and tears.

'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no bend
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh fòir,
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhaile gun pbleid
 Gach duibhre gu leus thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'us subhachas daond'
 A tionndaidh gu aoigh a bhròin,
 Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo chòd.

Ge minic a dh'fhiosraich sinn daor
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,
 Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'n ar gaol
 Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt,
 A seabhachadh aoibhneis a cheil'
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gun góill
 Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;
 Co-phairticheams 'acain do chleibh
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief
 But your help and caresses came soon?
 Your kindness still brought me relief,
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

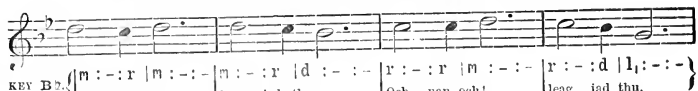
Our joys into griefs thus to run,
 My darling, too often we knew;
 But each of us still knew of one
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,
 Nor changed with the changeful years,
 Each glad in the other's delight,
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part
 Of our life is the part that is flown;
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,
 And make all my gladness your own.

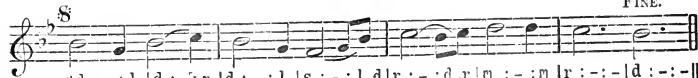
Song by "Abrach;" translation by L. M. The air is known as "Cha'n innis mi dh' aon tha fo'n ghrèin."

25—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.



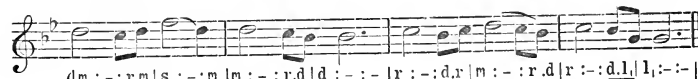
Och nan och! leag iad thu, Och nan och! leag iad thu,
Och nan och! thou art low, Och nan och! tale of woe,

FINE.



Och nan och! leag iad thu, 'M beal - aeh a ghar - aidh;
Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal - aeh a ghar - aidh.
Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;
'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee.

D.S.



Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu,
'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giulan na curraice,
O'n chuala gach duine,
Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.
'S i maighdeann ro dhubhach,
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,
O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,
'S tric snidh air mo shuilean,
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhiurain,
Marcaich 'ur 'nan steud aluinn.
Cha teid mi gu bainnis,
Gu feill no gu faidhir,
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,
Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcaich 'an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!
Marcaich 'an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Reub an t-each bann thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Wearing my widow's dress
While these griefs round me press,
Mourning in deep distress,
Sadly I linger.
Oh, but my heart is wae!
Oh, how unlike the day
When first this circle lay
Fair on my finger!

Under my widow's weeds,
Oh, how my bosom bleeds,
Rider of gallant steeds,
Weeping, I mourn thee:
Ne'er shall my heavy heart
Have in earth's joys a part:
Death, with his fatal dart,
Sorely hath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,
Riding with eager speed,
Slain by the milk-white steed,
Where it had thrown thee.
Oh, my young darling Hugh,
Slain e'er I ever knew;
Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,
I must bemoan thee!

Composed by the bride-widow of EYAN or HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.
Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S
"The Thistle."

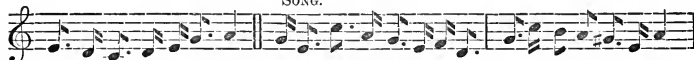
26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

CHORUS.



KEY C. | s ., m : d , l . - | d . d : s ., m | s ., m : d ., r | m , s . - : l | s ., m : d , l . - | s . d : s ., f |
 Iseabail nach gabh thu furas? Iseabail nach dean thu tamh? Iseabail gu bheil thu 'gorach)
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

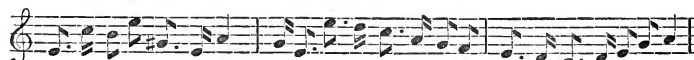
SONG.



| m ., r : d ., r | m , s . - : l | s ., m . - : d ' , l | s ., m : f , r ' . - | s ., d ' : t . l | s e ., m : l ')
 Mur a pos thu Donull Bàin. Ged a thainig e gu laithibh Tha e laidir reachdor slan,
 Bella, you're a silfy girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;



| s ., m . - : d ' , l | s ., m : f , r . - | m ., r : d ., r | m , s . - : l | s ., m . - : d ' , l | s ., m : f , r . -)
 Na biodh iom'gain ort a h-alach, B' tu'd mhathair na gabh sgath. 'S math do bhord a bhi gun ghainne,
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,



| m ., d ' : t . m ' | s e ., m : l | s ., m . - : m ' , r ' | d ' , l : s . f | m ., r : d ., r | m . s : l ||
 'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà, 'Seach bhi'n taice giullain shuaraich 'S e gun bhuaille aig no bharr.
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,
 Cha bhi dìth ort, theid mi'n rath;
 'S fear duit sin na'n aice, is bridail
 Iain chrin a Dail-a-chàis.
 Tog dhe d' iomairt feadh an tighe,
 Cha'n' eil math dhuit a bhi bàth;
 Glac an gliocas, 's glac an stòras
 Tha cho deonach teachd a'd dhàil.

Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n tairgse
 Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth,
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la.
 Greas, gabh combairle, 's cuir umad,
 Bidh an duine so gun dàil,
 Nach biodh aileag ann do mhuineal
 Nuair a chuireas e ort fàilt.

You'll get jewelry and dresses,
 And you'll never want for cash;
 Better that than mere caresses
 From wee John of Dalachash.
 What's the good of being saucy?
 Stop your fussing through the house;
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow
 If your chances you abuse;
 You may leave the house to-morrow
 If old Donald you refuse.
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;
 There, your man is coming, Miss;
 Now, don't you be making faces
 When he greets you with a kiss.

27—O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.

KEY D. { $\underline{m.s}$ | $\underline{l} : r$ | $\underline{d'} : m$ | $\underline{s} , f : m , r$ | $\underline{d} : \underline{m.s}$ | $\underline{l} : r$ | $\underline{d'} : m$ | $\underline{d} : r - | r$ }

O theid sinn, theid sinn le suigear agus aoidh, O theid sinn, theid sinn deòn - ach
A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y ehor - us,

FINE.

{ $\underline{m.s}$ | $\underline{l} : r$ | $\underline{d'} : m$ | $\underline{s} , f : m , r$ | $\underline{d} : t . d'$ | $\underline{r'} : d' . t$ | $\underline{l.s} : f . m$ | $\underline{r} : - | r$ }

O theid sinn, theid sinn thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu nuinntir ar dainh us ar n-eòl - as.
We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

SONG.

{ $\underline{m.r}$ | $\underline{d} : d'$ | $\underline{d'} : - . d'$ | $\underline{r'} , d' : t . l$ | $\underline{l.s} : - : s$ | $\underline{l} : r' | r' : - . m'$ | $\underline{r'} : - . d' | l$ }

Ged bha sinn bliadh - tan fa - da fa - da bhuath, Am Bai - le Chluaidh a còmh - nuidh,
Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing,

D.C.

{ $\underline{g} : t$ | $\underline{d'} , d' : d' , r'$ | $\underline{d'} : t . l$ | $\underline{s} , f : m , r$ | $\underline{d} : r , m$ | $\underline{l} : s . m$ | $\underline{l.s} : f . m$ | $\underline{r} : - | r$ }

Car tamul beag gun treig sinn ar gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A dh' thaotainn an graidh 'us an còmhraidh.
We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,

Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;

'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's
an t-samhraidh,

'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.

O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn

'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;

'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn

'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn an smeorach.

O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew—

The bay with boats in motion,

The mountains all sublime with their snow in
summer time,

And rivers rolling down to the ocean.

Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen,

And wander through the wild wood,

Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the
live-long day,

Where we used to play in childhood.

Away, &c.

28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY: f. r | l : - . l : l . m | f . m : r : - . s | f . s : l : - . f | m . m : r : - .)
 C. (An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin Bha'm bainne air an lòn mar dhrùibhd
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up - on the lea;



(f . t | m : - . r : t . l | f . m : s : - . t | r : m : l : - . d | m . m : r : - . ||
 A mhil a' fas air bàrr an fhraoich, A h-uile ni cho saor 's am bùrn.
 The heath - er in - to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh mhil;
 Orra cha robh càin no cis—
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phris.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;
 Cha robh cònnasachadh no streup ann;
 H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh
 Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air erich no tòir;
 Bha gach diùl 'tigh'nn beò an sìth;
 Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.

Dh' òr no dh' airgid cha robh miagh;
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,
 Ni 's mò a dh' iarr neach riamh cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
 Anns gach àit ann measg an t-sluaigh,
 Eadar far an d' éirich grian
 'Us far an laidh i nìar 's a chuain,

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin.

No tax or tribute used to fall
 On honest men, nor any rent;
 To hunt and fish was free to all,
 And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,
 For none were wronged and none oppressed;
 But every one just led the life
 And did the things that pleased him best.

All lived in peace, there was no sort
 Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
 There was no need for any court—
 Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared,
 Yet want and woe were never near;
 All had enough, and richly fared,
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread
 Among the people everywhere,
 From where the morning rises red
 To where the evening shineth fair,

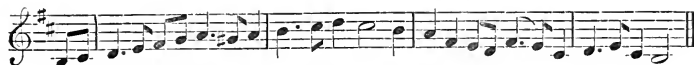
When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.

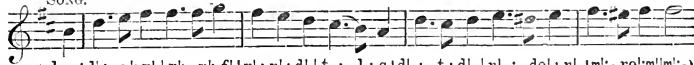


KEY D. { m : - f : s | l : - : t | d' : - m' : r' : d' | t : - : l | s : m : d' | t : - : l | se : m : l | l : - : }
Cuir, a chion di - lis, | di - lis, di - lis, | Cuir, a chion di - lis, | tharam do lamh ;
Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, | Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms ;



{ l : t | d : - r : m : f | s : - fe : s | l : - t : d' | t : - : l | s : m : r : d | m : - r : t | d : - r : t | l : - : }
Do | ghorm shuil thairis a | nhealladh nam mill-tean, | E' amaidheach mi 'nuair | thug mi dhuit gradh ;
Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing ; | Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.



{ l : | d' : - r : m' | m' : - m' : f' | m' : r' : d' | t : - : l : s | d' : - t : d' | r' : - de' : r' | m' : - re' : m' : - }
Rinn | deisead do phearsa nach | fhacas a thuairmeas, | 'G iomachd fo'n chuach-chultha | canagach thà,
Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing | Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



{ d' : r' | m' : f' : m' : r' : d' | r' : m' : r' : d' : t | l : s : f : m : d' | t : - : l | s : m : r : d | m : - r : t | d : - r : t | l : - : }
Rinn | dealradh do mhaire 'us | lasadh do ghruaidhean, | Mise ghrad-bhualadh | thairis gu h-à.
Thy lips red and luscious, and | blushes bright glowing, | Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun
ghruaimean,

'S daingean a bhuaill iad mie le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairee,

Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.

Their fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is
cruaidhe ;

Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs ;

Nà biodhams a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o an uairse ;

Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu thàs.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an
uaigheas,

'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là ;

Ach ainneir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairee,

Gabh-sa dhìom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my
treasure,

Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,

With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with
pleasure ;

Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish ;

Free me—remember how noble thou art ;

No longer enslave me but save me from anguish :

Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

For me there's no sleeping ; but weeping, grief-
laden,

Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell ;

But, oh ! should my sweetest and neatest young

Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden

A favourite Gaelic song. Translation by L. M. The chorus seems to have belonged to another song.

30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH EITVE.



KEY F: d' l | s : m : r. d | d : - r : m. f | s : - l : s | s : m : d }

SEISD— Cha'n eil mi mar b'abh - aist la seachduin no Sàbaid, 'S cha

Dh'fhàs cianal air m'aig - ne bho 'n thug mi 'chìad aire Do 'n

CHORUS— I'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And

A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has

D.C.



|| m : - r : d | r : m : s | l : - : s : || m. f | s : l : d' | r' : - . d' : r' | }

|| dùisg - ear á pràmh gu deagh ghleus mi;

|| Bha 'ám ann 'us shaoil mi nach

chailinn tha tamh mu Loch Eite.

noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness;

I once had the no - tion, that for

filled me with love and with sad - ness.

* First time end with F (doh⁴); second time end with C (soh).



|| m' : - r' : d' | d' : l : s | l : - . s : l | s : l : d' | r' : - : l | : : d' r' | }

|| beanadh an gaol rium 'S nach maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach

love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've



|| m' : d' : d' | r' : l : l | d' : s : s | l : t : d' | m : - r : d | r : m : s | l : - : s ||

|| chaochail am beachd sin 'us | tha mi nis faicinn Gur | deac - air e duine bhi | strith ris. ||

changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig cionninn na h-òigridh 's ann chuir mi 'n ceud eòlas

Air an òg-chailinn choimhlionta, chìataich;

'Us cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag

A rinn ise fhadadh 'n ann cliabh-sa.

Cha dùth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug buaidh orm,

'S a mhosgail bho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi—

A gubis fhoinnidh, fhilathail, a shùilean caoin, tairis,

'S a binn-bheul o 'm blasda thig còmhraidh.

Is finealta, uasal a beus 'us a gluasad;

Is ceanalta, suairce a nàdur;

'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil—

Cha 'n iognadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghràidheag.

'S e cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh' oidhche

A dh' fhoillseachadh seòl air bhi rèidh rith',

'Chionn mur faigh mi a buamachd ri 'm bheò

bìdh mi truagh dheth,

Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gun ìbhneas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her greeting,

This fair one for whom I am yearning,

And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my bosom,

That still are unquenchably burning.

The graces displayed in this charming young maiden

Are past all my powers of relation:

Her smile that entrances, her bright loving glances,

Her artless and sweet conversation—

Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,

Each word and each motion discover

She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—

Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!

Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;

To win her esteem I'll endeavour;

And if my enslaver deny me his favour,

My life shall be clouded for ever.

New song by Mr M. MACFARLANE; translation by L. M. The air is known as "Airdh nam badan."

31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.

KEY A. { m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : r | m : - : s }

Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,

Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, o,

{ m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : s₁ }

Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaoi - ne

Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro;

{ s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : r : m | r : d : r | m : - : s }

Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich,

None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er:

{ f : m : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | r : - : d }

Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.

Lull - a - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sìthionn o fhìreach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dhùisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuaineam;
Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da;
Cluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,
'S bithidh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhradar!

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;
Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be:
None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing;
Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing;
Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;
Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;
Angels are lovingly watching around him—
Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

The three first verses of the Gaelic are relics of an old Lochaber lullaby.

32—ORAN NA H-IUBILI—JUBILEE SONG.

CHORUS.

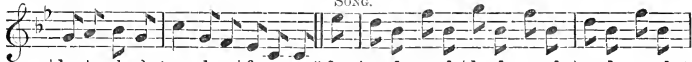


KEY B♭. (f, s, s, i) d : m, r | d : s, i, t, i | d : s, i, f, i | m, i, d, i, d, i | r : m : f, m | r : l, i, d, e)
(Cuiribh fonn air an dàn so an can ain ar n-aithrichean, 'Us togaibh leam an t-seid so, gu'
Now a bold and sonorous good chorus from Highlanders: Ring out your hearty cheers, Mountain-



(r : l, i, s, i | f, i, r, i : r, i, t, i | d : m, r | d : s, i, t, i | d : s, i, f, i | m, i, d, i, d, i, m, i | r, i, m, i, f, i, s, i)
(h-entrom 's gu caithreamach; Tha clanna nan Gaidheal tha tann meas nam mor-bheanna, Le durachd ag cur
eers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glorious, The royal rule of

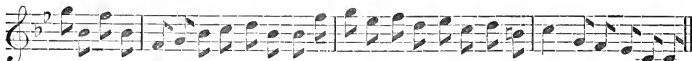
SONG.



(l, i, t, i : d, l, i | r : l, i, s, i | f, i, r, i : r, i, t, i | f | m, d : s, d | l, d : s, d | m, d : s, d)
(faillt air a' Bhànrigh'n Victoria. Tha Sasann doirteadh nach a h-àir & storasaibh gu
blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



(m, d : d, m | f, r : l, r | t, r : l, r | f, s : l, s | f, r : r, f | m, d : s, d)
(luathach; An Eilinn fhein a' deanamh streip a' mi-thlachd gheura thiomachadh; Na Cuimrich agus
al - i - ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual - i - ty; On Lowland dales and



(l, d : s, d | s, l, i, d, r | m, d : d, s | l, f : s, m | f, r : m, d, e | r : l, i, s, i | f, i, r, i : r, i, t, i)
(Goll na h-Alb' cur aird air mar is urrainn daibh, A' chòisreagadh gu h-usal falaidh bliadhna na h-Iubili!
hills of Wales, that ancient Princepal - i - ty, This Jub - i - lee they keep with glee, and free cordial - i - ty!

Ach sinne, Gaidheall nan crìochan garbh,
Is tearc 's an àn ar fìneachan;
Is eutrom, falanbh, fàs, gun or,
Ar pocannan 's ar n-òmhlasan;
Cha'n e ar nòs bli spaidheil, spòrsail,
Eruidheach, bòsdail, mìodalach,
'S a' fàirgadh sinn, mar sin, do'n Bhànrigh'n
Làn-ghradh ar eridheachan.

Gun lìon i mòran làithean fhathast
Cathair àrd nam Breatainnach;
Gu'm fàs a' chàrdan òmhòir, làn;
Gu'm faigh a' namhaid beagachadh;
Gu'm meall i somas, gràdh an t-slàigh,
'S glòir 'n a' làithibh deireannach;
'S ma leanas iadsan thig 'n a' dèigh
'N a' ceumailh cha 'n eagal duinn.

Am measg nan lìon a' b' àirde glòir,
Le'n daoine mòra, foghainteach;
Am measg nam fìne chòisim clù
Fo rìghribh cùiseil, comasach—
A' dh'aindeoin beachd nan eachdraidhean -
Gu' deinninn, 's iad na roghainn-sa
Ar cinneadh fein, an linn a' tha
'S ar Bhànrigh'n Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales
Beyond the frowning Grampians,
Though clansmen true, are poor and few,
Bereft of chiefs and champions,
Though we've been proud and never bowed
With praises led to royalty,
Our Queen and Land shall awe command
Our hand, heart and loyalty.

Long may she reign o'er land and main,
No loss or pain distressing her,
Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,
Health unceasing blessing her;
Long may her people shower upon her
Love and honour merited;
May sons unborn her virtues see
By kings to be inherited.

Of every age upon the page
Of Britain's sage historian,
For this we claim the highest fame,
This age we name Victorian;
And surely none such virtues won
So wisely, so bravely, humanly;
And than our Lady none has been
More queenly or womanly.

Gaelic song written for this collection by Mr M. MACFARLANE. English by L. M. Air "Cabar-feidh."

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